

I saw a little cottage—all ivy covered o'er—
The day was bright and glad some birds
were singing near.
And all seemed gay and joyous, as I came by
the door.
Ah, me, the dread came o'er me, the weakness
and the fear.
For I heard a bitter wailing—a weary, sobbing
cry—
and a hush came o'er my spirits, a throbbing
to my heart.
And a wonder touched me gently that He, the
Great on High,
Will suffer all this sorrow or will that we must
part.
Then I slowly raised the latch-key, and entered
to the room.
And I saw a mother lying in the terror of despair;
For through her bitter trial, through the
darkness and the gloom,
Grim death had stole her darling, her baby
lying there.
So quiet and so child-like as if just fell asleep.
With a smile upon its features, and the dimples
on its cheek;
Ah, me, tis very mournful, but all of us must
weep.
And the days that now are the brightest will
some time be as bleak.
—Trousay.

A GENEROUS RIVAL.

Pearl Sinclair sat alone in her room—a room as beautiful as herself, for Pearl was rich, and spared nothing in the decorations of all belonging to her lovely little self.
Pearl was small and exquisitely modelled, with golden hair, and skin like satin, and deep blue wondering eyes that looked at you like twin sapphires, while her mouth, ripe and dimpled, and dewy, was like a half-blown rosebud in its beauty and freshness.
Evidently Miss Sinclair was waiting for some laggard cavalier to come and escort her to ball or opera.
"Past 10 o'clock," thought Pearl, glancing at the mantel clock; "surely he ought to be here."
As the thought passed through her mind, a low knock came to the door, and Pearl called out "Come in," nothing doubting but that it was the announcement of the gentleman for whose arrival she was waiting.
But it was no gentleman. Pearl Sinclair looked up in astonishment as she saw in the doorway, a woman's figure.
Tall and slender, dressed in black, with very white skin, and eyes and hair as black as a raven's wing, she stood there.
"You are Miss Sinclair?" she asked.
"Yes," Pearl said, marvelling much as to whom her strange visitant might be. "I am Miss Sinclair."
"You are very beautiful," said the stranger slowly, as her eyes passed over Pearl from head to foot. "I heard that you were fair to look upon, but I had never dreamed of seeing one so lovely."
Pearl blushed and smiled, and patted her little foot uneasily upon the carpet.
"Did—did you wish to speak to me?" she asked a little shyly.
"Yes," said the stranger quietly. "You do not know who I am. My name is Francesca Wylie."
"I do not know the name," said Pearl, somewhat bewildered.
"Nor did I expect that you would. Do you know Edgar Vassar?"
Pearl felt herself coloring involuntarily at the abruptly spoken question and the steady gaze that accompanied it.
"Yes, I know him, certainly."
"And he admires you?"
"I—suppose so."
Pearl was beginning to grow a little alarmed at this strange species of catchism.
"Do you care for him?" pursued the dark-eyed stranger with a slight tremble in her voice.
"I like him well enough," said Pearl doubtfully.
"Do you love him?"
"No," answered Pearl frankly.
"Miss Sinclair," said Francesca Wylie, "I come to you as one of God's creatures to another. I open my whole heart to you in the desperation of a last hope. Will you stretch out your hand to save me from perishing?"
Pearl Sinclair looked at the pale agitated face with a sensation of pity.
"What can I do for you?" she asked in a soft, sympathetic voice.
"Listen, and I will tell you." Francesca Wylie had come close to Miss Sinclair, and was almost kneeling at her feet in the earnestness of her appeal. "I love Edgar Vassar, and he loved me before—before a brighter star arose on the horizon of his life and his eyes were dazzled with the glitter. You are that star, Miss Sinclair."
"I?"
"Before he saw you, we were engaged. We are still engaged, but his heart is slowly drifting away from me on the current of his new infatuation. Miss Sinclair, he is nothing to you—he is everything to me. To you his devotion is but the plaything of the hour—to me it is the hope, the destiny of a lifetime. You are a loving true-hearted woman. I can see it in your eyes; I can read it in the tones of your voice. I appeal to you to give him back to me!"
Pearl Sinclair took both the cold fluttering hands in hers.
"I will."

and feel it for myself. But of this be sure—you will never be sorry for the noble deed you have done this night."
And Francesca Wylie left the room as softly and swiftly as she had entered it, leaving Pearl Sinclair half doubtful as to whether the tall black-haired woman had not been altogether the phantasm of her own imagination. Mr. Vassar was shown in the next minute.
"I have been waiting below for some time," he said smilingly; "but Desires told me that you were with company, and I did not wish to disturb you."
Pearl listened silently to his gay chat as the carriage rolled along towards the portico of the opera house; she was uncertain as yet what course to pursue. The evening was strangely dream-like to her; the bird-like notes of the singers fell unheeded on her ears; the crash of the grand orchestra was all unheeded.
"You are absent-minded to-night, Miss Sinclair," said Vassar at length, a little piqued. "I have asked you a question three times without receiving an answer."
"Yes," said Pearl frankly, "I am absent-minded, Mr. Vassar. The truth is, I was thinking."
"And may an humble mortal like me deign to ask about what?"
"You invited me to accompany you to Mrs. Arkwright's *dejeune dancante* to-morrow?" she said.
"I did."
"And I accepted the invitation?"
"If my memory serves me aright, you did," was Mr. Vassar's somewhat surprised answer.
"May I recall the acceptance?"
"Miss Sinclair!"
Pearl's large blue eyes were fixed appealingly on his face as he spoke.
"Mr. Vassar, I will tell you frankly why. Our acquaintance has been very pleasant, but it has reached the stage at which it is wiser for us both to pause. We are friends now—we never can be anything more to each other."
"Never!" echoed Vassar, in a tone of pained astonishment.
"No, never," Pearl answered firmly. "Let us part here, friends."
She extended her little hand with a sweet winning smile.
"Must we then part?"
"Ask yourself, Mr. Vassar," she returned.
He had grown very pale.
"But why, Miss Sinclair?"
"A woman's 'why' is unaccountable," she answered evasively. "I cannot render a reason. I can only speak from the instinct of my heart. There—the curtain is falling on the mimic life of this stage; even so let it fall upon our past."
Edgar Vassar said not a word as the carriage whirled them swiftly homeward; he was too bewildered to speak much; but when at parting Pearl once more extended her hand, he pressed it with an earnestness of which he himself was scarcely aware.
"Good-bye, Mr. Vassar."
"Good-bye, Pearl. Let me call you so for once."
So they separated. Mr. Vassar went home to muse on the fickleness of woman.
"I might have known it," he thought "A mere coquette—a fickle beauty, who cares for men's hearts only as playthings, to be used until the novelty has worn off. Yes, I am served rightly for allowing my affections to wander away from Francesca. She at least is true. My poor loving Francesca, who has never once reproached me during all this long season of neglect. Would she receive me back once more into her heart of hearts? At least it is worth the trial."
It was long past midnight before Edgar Vassar sought his pillow, but his mind was effectually made up.
Francesca Wylie was alone in her dressing room the next day, when the door was opened and Edgar Vassar entered. Miss Wylie turned red and white as she rose to greet him.
"Edgar!"
"I have come back to you, Francesca—my wronged, trusting, noble girl!"
"No, Edgar," she said gently, while a strong thrill of delight pulsed up in her heart—"your happy Francesca."
"You have forgiven me, then?"
"Can you doubt it, dearest?" she asked.
"I have not deserved this true affection, Francesca," he said passionately. "I have allowed myself to be cajoled and led away by the lures of a false coquette, but it has at least been productive of one good effect. I have learned in whom to trust."
The color came and went on Francesca Wylie's cheek as she heard the words in which he characterized Pearl Sinclair, but she dared speak no syllable of extenuation. In her own heart, however, she blessed the fair-haired blonde who had so generously given her back her love.
When she next met Pearl Sinclair, Francesca was a happy young wife, secure in the real love of her husband. They came face to face in a crowded ballroom, and Mr. Vassar stopped, with

"Congratulations you," said Pearl softly.
"And I thank you, Miss Sinclair," Francesca answered.
And Edgar Vassar never knew the thoughts that were in both of their minds at that instant.
Only a Woman.
A woman has been in Washington recently who had no desire to see the president's wife, writes a correspondent of the New York Tribune. She was discovered in the east room on Wednesday, when there were six hundred people, mostly excursionists, come to shake hands with the president. Another woman tells the story thus:
"I just gazed on her with open-eyed surprise. She was really a living curiosity, and I looked at her to see if she meant it. But she did. She was with a party from Brooklyn, a lot of church people, I believe. While waiting for the president to come in, all the women and most of the men were talking about Mrs. Cleveland, and wishing they could see her, too. They all said they'd much rather see her than the president. After he began shaking hands one of them said: 'Well, I say his wife ought to be with him. It's her place to help him. It's her duty.' Then another said: 'But she has receptions, too, and shakes hands with just as many, and he doesn't help her. I wish she'd come in to-day, though. I'd rather see her than forty presidents. I'd rather see her than all the women in Brooklyn.' This seemed the universal desire until that one woman, the living curiosity, piped up, 'Oh, I don't care to see her. I wouldn't go ten steps out of my way to see her, if she is the president's wife. I would not make a fool of myself, if all the rest of the women in the United States do, and the men, too. Oh, I guess she isn't the first president's wife. I wouldn't go crazy over any president's wife, I don't care who she is. Not much.' Then she gave her head an awful jerk and shut her teeth hard together, by way of emphasis, you know. 'Oh, I'd go crazy over this one,' said the woman who thought Mrs. Cleveland ought to be helping the president, in a laughing tone. 'She is the first very young and pretty one, and worth raving over. They say she is prettier than her pictures, and just as sweet as can be. Oh, I'm not ashamed to go crazy over her.'
"Goodness gracious! She's only a woman, if she is the president's wife. I wouldn't make a fool of myself about any woman, I can tell you," retorted the other, giving her head an upward toss and shutting her teeth again harder than ever. There was an expression of contempt and pity for human weakness on her face that was provoking.
"Of course she is only a woman. Who said she was anything else? flashed back the one who was not ashamed to rave about Mrs. Cleveland, and in a tone of some temper. 'But I say she is a pretty woman, and she is the president's wife, and we are all interested in the president's wife—or ought to be,' she finished with meaning in her words intended especially for the one who was so determined not to make a fool of herself. I don't know how much longer the war of words would have gone on. Everybody else had given up the fight but these two, and they were getting warmer, and each bound to have the last word, you know. And it was funny to see how the rest nodded and smiled and fell in with the one defending Mrs. Cleveland's good looks. Those within hearing laughed and enjoyed the row. But one man seemed to view it seriously, and he said as he moved in the direction of the president: 'Goah, all fish-hooks! If women don't beat everything for quarrelling about nothing.'"
As Fair as a Hour.
She swept into a bridge car bound for Brooklyn with a queenly air, and the conductor, when his eyes fell upon her, drew four long breaths in succession and then whistled.
She was a madrigal, a spring poem, a dream, a creature divine, beside whom the dames to whose eyebrows the poets of the last century penned bilious sonnets looked like kitchen maids. She was accompanied by a blase youth, who seldom spoke and who wore an air of utter weariness that led many of the passengers to infer that he must be the proof-reader on a comic weekly. Not a word was spoken until the car had nearly reached Brooklyn. During this period the male passengers greedily drank in the beautiful vision before them. Then the youth bent over and addressed a few earnest words to his fair companion. She drew herself up and all the men in that end of the car held their breaths in the hope of hearing her voice. They were gratified. Out from her ruby lips these words came slowly, sweetly, and with a musical cadence as sweet as the sound of the dinner-bell in a Second avenue boarding-house.
"I ain't not, and I shan't do nothin' of the kind neither!"
When this storm of negatives swept over the car it left a silence in its track that was only broken when the guard yelled out in sepulchral tones: "Passengers for the elevated keep their seats!"

ern states make 5 instead of 3 per cent the legal rate of interest.
The University of California now employs one hundred persons as professors, instructors, demonstrators, etc. The number of students is 489.
A new industry recently developed in Hancock county, Maine, is the gathering of white pine and spruce cones for French and German markets.
A Virginia justice of the peace has fined a fisherman \$7 for contending in open court that the moon had anything to do with the ebb and flow of the tides.
In memory of the late William E. Forster a monument has been erected at Ambleside, where Mrs. Forster still lives, bearing the inscription: "Beloved, honored, mourned."
Charlotte Favoret, aged 69, has sued her husband, aged 71, in New York for a separation after living together for thirty-nine years. She thought the old gentleman had another favorite.
The business of exporting apples is increasing. Two years ago 220,000 barrels were shipped from the port of New York; in 1885, 302,000 barrels, and last year, 349,000 barrels.
Professor Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College, has given to the Connecticut Valley Historical Society a piece of the rock from which the soldiers in the Shay rebellion made their flints 100 years ago.
Georgia, which produced Lulu Hurst, the electric girl, now claims to have discovered at Milledgeville a young man who can do all the feats recently performed in Boston and Europe by Mind Reader Bishop.
Mrs. Battazzi, a cousin of Louis Napoleon, widow of an Italian statesman, and married again at 58 to a young Spaniard, an authoress, and still pretty, is one of the most desperate gamblers in all Europe.
A young man of Montreal is moon blind, and cannot see at all in the evening. He contracted the blindness a few years ago by sleeping on the deck of a ship in the full glare of a tropical moon. Such cases, while very rare, are not unknown.
Prince Bismarck's criticism of Lord Randolph Churchill is that he has been "a two-penny Cataline." The *Pall Mall Gazette* says he is "a political Filiberty-Gibbet, whose mind is as nimble as a lively mouse in a windy barn, and who is the most reckless of political gamblers."
In Mme. Tussaud's London museum are now exhibited the keys of Metz, which Count Von Moltke, on the capture of that fortress, greatly desired to present to the German Emperor, but could not find. Other additions to the collection are effigies of the late jockey Archer and the baby King of Spain.
A young woman named Lake, living near Grafton, W. V., was recently married, the event being celebrated by a dance, which extended through the entire night and nearly all the next day. On the evening of this day one of the bride's sisters lost her reason and has become raving mad. Four days later the bride became insane, and three other sisters are showing marked evidence of mental aberration.
An Italian has discovered that fishes are fond of music. To one Signor Garetti the honor of the discovery is said to be due, and recently, with a party of friends, he is said to have tried the experiment on Lake Geneva, which proved quite successful. Musical notes, especially those produced by the human voice, attracted the fishes in great numbers around the boat. Fishermen should try the experiment.
Adelina Patti has the autograph craze in its most virulent form, and for many years past no friend of any distinction has been permitted to pass the threshold of the prima donna until he or she has written a few words either upon Mme. Patti herself or upon some other subject or interest. The consequence is that the signatures of almost every notability both in and outside the musical world are to be found in her albums.
Norwich, Conn., has a new resident, Dr. Rilchiro Saiki, a native of Japan, and a surgeon in the imperial Japanese navy. He is a graduate of the best college in Tokio, has studied medicine and surgery in the German language, and comes to this country to graduate from the medical department of the Pennsylvania university. He is to remain in Norwich a few months to study the English language, which he can read, but with difficulty speak.
Attorney-General Garland carries out his ideas of simplicity even in the matter of lunch. Instead of going to a swell restaurant he carries his lunch every day in a small gilded wicker basket. Recently, after a cabinet meeting which lasted to a late hour in the afternoon, a visitor to the department of justice caught the Attorney-General enjoying his simple meal. It was merely a shortened biscuit, the usual round shape made by good housewives, and having been buttered when hot was very palatable.

the Smithsonian wants to test their value. The Mexican medal has a specific gravity of only 7, when it should weigh about 16. It isn't worth as much as copper even, which weighs 9.
A novel mode of extinguishing a fire was practiced at a recent fire in Baltimore, Md. When the firemen arrived one of the members borrowed a pistol, and, standing below, fired five shots up the chimney. Instantly the soot and fire dropped down and the fire was extinguished. It was stated that in case of chimney fires this scheme has worked well. The concussion loosens the accumulated soot, and often such damage has been prevented in this way. The police say it is an old practice with themselves, and has never failed.
A Frenchman by the name of Leroy, living in the woods at Eustis, Me., recently inherited \$45,000 by the death of his grandfather in France. Leroy had married an Indian woman, and on hearing of the fortune awaiting him in France left his wife, made the journey there and back again, a sister of his coming with him. He brought his wife a present of a gold watch and chain, and went back to his home in the woods to live as usual.
The vicissitudes of fortune are strongly illustrated in a New York case, where a man whose name not long ago would have been good for \$2,000,000 spent two or three hours in the rear office of a Wall street broker a few days ago, waiting for an opportunity to borrow \$10 from one who was once his clerk. Speculation had brought him to poverty and made the clerk a millionaire, and all within a year.
The wife of an Atkinson, Kan., merchant showed him a telegram purporting to come from her mother, saying that she was very sick and asking her to go to her. The husband helped his wife to start, and, not hearing from his mother-in-law in due time, telegraphed an inquiry as to her condition. The answer was that she was well and had been, and now the husband wonders if a handsome man has coaxed his young wife away.
A Severe Lesson.
You have become accustomed to the stories of silly girls and women who write in the Brooklyn Eagle. Some of these stories are only designed to advertise the players who are said to receive the letters, and the comment is as true whether they get the letters or only say they do. I am going to tell you a story of a series of letters sent by a New York girl to an actor and a gentleman whom no degree of advertising can benefit, for he is far above such adventitious aids.
The girl is now 19, and is the daughter of an ex-judge. A policy of indulgence had nearly spoiled her; it was so much easier to let her have her own way than to control her that the former course was generally pursued. She wrote gushing letters to the distinguished actor referred to; in them she told what seat she would occupy and what kind of bonnet she would wear at each one of the matinees she attended in order to enable the actor to identify her beyond question. He got a friend to find out just who the silly child was. Though she got no answers she continued her letters and made them wilder and warmer every time.
Finally she received a reply consenting to the interview she had repeatedly solicited, and was directed to place herself without fear in a carriage which would await her at a certain point, and which, without instructions, would take her to meet the actor, who signed his name boldly to the letter, and who assured her she would be treated with an all protecting respect at the fashionable but secluded restaurant which had been named in the rendezvous. Whatever her trepidation was—and at that point I profess no knowledge—she complied with the instructions. On descending from the carriage, and on being escorted to the table by the artist, her surprise and chagrin may be imagined when her father, mother, and married sister also greeted her there.
A veil may be drawn over the ensuing explanation and lectures. The actor was Wilson Barrett. He had called on her father at his place of business, and handed him the girl's letters, and together they had arranged the "lesson" for her and the details to be pursued in carrying it out. In one respect the cure was effectual. In another you may doubt its sufficiency when I tell you that the girl is now as stage-struck as she was formerly Barrett struck, and I learn the particulars from a friend who has been asked to prepare for the boards the one-act comedy that the girl has made out of the whole adventure, and which she has curtly entitled "She Would and He Wouldn't."
A new color just introduced at London is called jubilee blue. It is appropriate to the outlook in Ireland.

mand for the surrender of Mobile. He has always been a brave and efficient officer.

been one of the most stubborn strikes ever seen in Pennsylvania, and the loss in wages alone is estimated at \$998,300.
Captain Job Johnson and his ten-year

tions in his lectures—things that cannot be replaced—silverware, jewels, rare coins, all articles of value, boxed and blanketed ready for shipment in the lower hall, the

Indiana territory. He was given a classical education became a lawyer and served several terms in Congress; he served on Gen. McClellan's staff and as assistant judge ad

avors liberal pensions to the soldiers and sailors of the Union, adequate river and harbor appropriations and national aid to education; demands as the first step to re-